The Blue and Gray

June, 1910

MVPHA
#298

MOUNTAIN VIEW
PIONEER & HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION

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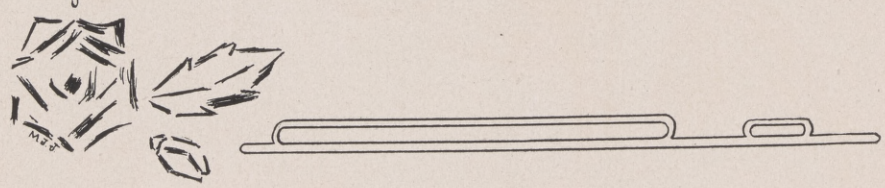

MVPHA 29-68 M/M William B. Cutter

FIDELITY

DEDICATION

WITH fullest appreciation of her worth and kindly assistance to all, the students of the Mountain View High dedicate this Journal to Miss Gertrude C. Peckham, Teacher of the Senior Class, June Nineteen Hundred and Ten.

The Blue and Gray

Published by the
STUDENTS OF THE MOUNTAIN VIEW HIGH SCHOOL

Mountain View, Cal., June, 1910

The Mountain Rose

ROSES, a riot of roses everywhere! Every breeze was laden with their fragrance and the sun seemed to linger here more lovingly than elsewhere. Rich red Jacks peeped saucily through the fence. Just at hand was a mass of dainty pink Belle Normandys, and beyond, a group of altogether bewitching Bridesmaids lifted their creamy, white heads in stately purity. The tiny modest cottage in the background needed not the pity of the proudest mansion in New York, for the Queen of flowers had decked it out in regal fashion, all glorious with color which the brightest silks and satins never could attain. At the side and top of the house hung a mass of salmon pink blossoms and across the front the clustered sprays of a yellow rambler twined and entwined their branches. At the doorway a young girl stood with an expression intent and far away in the large soft brown eyes. The sensitive mouth drooped and across the forehead were lines unusual in one so young. About the whole figure there was an air of pensive longing which awakened a feeling of sympathy in the hearts of two watchers standing close by the fence.

They were two young girls who had come up from the summer resort in the valley and had stopped to admire the tiny mountain cabin buried in its wealth of roses, and the girl in the doorway, unconsciously adding the finishing touch to the pretty scene.

"It is worth the long walk, isn't it, Ione?" Maud spoke gently, lest she might break the charm in which the young girl before them seemed enwrapped.

"Indeed it is," replied Ione. "Let us go in."

They opened the gate and entered the little yard. "May we come in and rest for a few moments?" they asked.

The girl in the doorway started from her reverie and then, smiling in welcome, answered, "Certainly; we'd be very glad to have you. Won't you come into the house?"

"Oh," said Maud, "we'd rather stay out here among your roses. They are so beautiful. You must take fine care of them."

"I'm so glad you like them," the girl said simply, her eyes shining with modest pride. "I do work with them a good deal, because I'm very fond of them. I ought to be for my name is Rose, too." As she spoke she held a spray of Yellow Ramblers lovingly against her cheek. The wind lifted her black ringlets gently and kissed the smiling upturned lips and sunbrowned face.

"How like her name she is," thought Ione.

"Don't let us keep you if you are busy," Maud said hastily.

"No, oh, no. I was not busy," Rose returned, "I was only resting a little while and looking at that. Isn't it beautiful?" and she pointed at the view of the mountains and valley spread out before them.

Maud and Ione turned and gazed in awed silence at the panorama of sunlit mountains and pleasant valley below. Then they looked at Rose. Her face was a study.

"Oh, I never get tired of looking at it," she said. "All my life I have wanted more than anything else to paint it." Then her face fell, the sparkle died out of her eyes and she sighed wearily.

"What is it, Rose?" Maud asked quickly. "Perhaps you can paint it some day."

Sadly Rose answered, "No, I'm afraid not. I haven't any education."

"How long did you go to school?" inquired Ione.

"Why, I finished the work in the little school down in the valley, but it wasn't so very much. Father could not afford to let me go any more. I suppose both of you have finished high school?" and she turned inquiringly from one to the other.

"Yes," Maud smiled in return, "we're classmates in college."

"Oh, how happy you must be," cried Rose. "I'm sure nothing could make me so happy as to go to college."

A sense of shame crept over both the girls as they thought of wasted opportunities in their own lives. They told their delighted listener story after story of college life until the sun, nearing the horizon, reminded them that they were far from home. They hurried away with reiterated promises to "come again soon."

As they entered the dining hall at the hotel and took their places among the laughing, chattering, hungry boarders, Ione said:

"Maud, something ought to be done for that girl."

"Yes, I know," answered Maud, "but what can we do?"

"Oh," she said, "something can be done I'm sure. Anyway I'm going to try."

While the girls were staying in the mountains they paid many a visit to the "Mountain Rose," as Maud laughingly called her. And when, their vacation over, they returned home, Rose went with them to

help in Ione's home and go to school. Never was there a happier girl.

The years of high school sped happily away. Rose worked hard, and Ione was proud of her protege. Rose was fond of all her work but drawing was ever her most delightful occupation. She was the flower of the drawing class and was the only one surprised when she was chosen staff-artist of the school paper.

As Ione lived near the campus of the college which she had attended Rose went right on from high school into college where she specialized in art. Every one praised her work and she felt that her cup of joy was full.

Frequent letters came from the mountain home toward the close of the college course, filled with expressions of gladness that Rose would soon be through with her school and come home. Her sister Alice was to be married soon, the mother was growing old, and Rose was needed in the home. She, too, was glad that she was soon to be back among her beloved mountains and to rest quietly at home.

Ione, her brother Philip, and father and mother could not help feeling a deep regret that Rose was so soon to leave them, nevertheless, they rejoiced in her happiness and did everything possible to make her last weeks with them pleasant.

Toward the close of the term Rose was surprised and almost overwhelmed to receive an offer of a position as an assistant in the art department of the college. Then began the severe mental struggle. The thought of the work held out to her was alluring and tantalizing in the extreme. She felt that it was just the work she would like best to do, and by every conceivable argument would persuade herself that it was the right thing for her to do, when, would come insistently the thought of the little mountain home and the work there which called for her.

It was a beautiful evening in early June. The college assembly hall was filled to overflowing. Every one was happy and in the best of spirits. Happiest were the girls in white on the platform, among whom there was no happier face than that of the "Mountain Rose." All the old wistfulness and longing was gone from the brown eyes now.

The first part of the program passed and the time for the giving of prizes and medals came. Rose was called to the front of the platform. After speaking a few words of sincere praise which brought tears of joy to Rose's eyes, the President turned and pinned upon her dress the art medal.

At the close of the evening friends gathered around her and congratulations were hearty and many.

"Oh, by the way," a friend of Ione suddenly exclaimed. "I hear, Rose, that you have been offered the position of assistant in the art department here. Of course you are going to accept it. That will be fine!"

"No, I am not," she said simply and smiling bravely added, "I am going back to mother and father in the mountains."

And Philip said to himself, "But not to stay—not if I can help it." Then with a quiet smile he offered her his arm as they left the fast-emptying assembly hall.

E. P., '10.

Alice Williston

Gertrude Peckham

E. L. Zahn

Violet Shepard

T. J. Gwartney

Adventure of a Forest Ranger

Time A. D. 1925.

RAD COATES, forest ranger of District Number Seventeen
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Ie was out of bed in a hurry and running
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These machines were so heavily burdened that they could not travel so fast as Brad had, so it would be some time before they arrived.

Brad had noticed that the fire was creeping rather slowly, southward. It seemed as if every kind of animal which inhabited Northern California was running or gliding away from the oncoming furnace. He could do nothing until the other machines arrived, so he slowed down and dipping to a height of about two hundred feet fell to watching the animals. He dared not go lower for the heat and smoke were very

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— faculty, (pic)
— graduates, 1910
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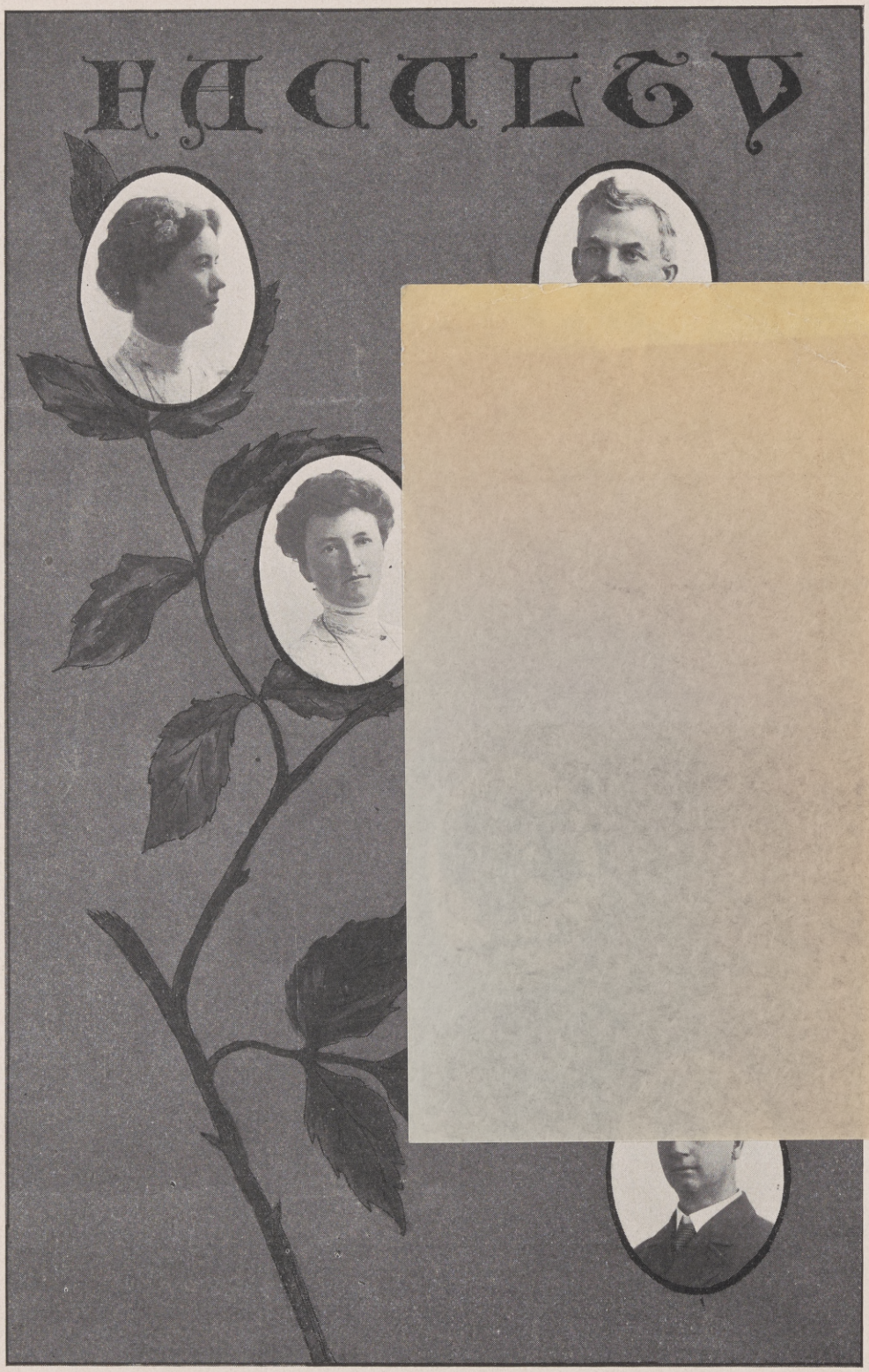
M.V. Business history — 1910
Peckham, Miss Gertrude C. (pic)



Alice Williston

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Violet Shepard

E. L. Zahn

T. J. Gwartney

Adventure of a Forest Ranger

Time A. D. 1925.

RAD COATES, forest ranger of District Number Seventeen of Northern California, woke up early one August morning in 1925 with the realization that the atmosphere was quite full of smoke. He was out of bed in a hurry and running to the west window of his bedroom discovered that there was a forest fire ranging somewhere in the next valley. He was not positive that it was in his district, but it was his duty to find out at once.

After hurriedly dressing, he ran to the shed, jumped into his monoplane and was soon traveling due west at the rate of about one hundred and seventy-five miles per hour.

As soon as he had the machine well under way he "wirelessed" to Black Sound, eighty miles north this message: "Send 'Beelzebub' immediately, fire near western boundary of District Number Seventeen, probably Bergen's Ridge." Coates.

It would probably be well to explain that "Beelzebub" was a large multiplane used for extinguishing forest fires. It carried two large tanks, one at each side of the driver. These tanks contained a fire extinguishing powder, which could be expelled from the rear of the tanks. This powder, on mixing with the air, forms a heavier-than-air-gas, which consequently settles toward the earth. No fire can endure this gas and the largest forest fire can not pass a barrier of a few cubic yards of it.

In a few minutes Brad had come so close to the fire that he found it was sweeping up the eastern slope of Bergen's Ridge and in a few minutes would be in some of the most valuable timber on the coast. If the fire once got into this timber, the undergrowth was so thick that even "Beelzebub" would have a hard time stopping it.

With his glasses Brad could see dimly in the North two specks. He knew one was "Beelzebub" and the other was a biplane bringing fire fighters who would try their hands at the fire if "Beelzebub" failed. These machines were so heavily burdened that they could not travel so fast as Brad had, so it would be some time before they arrived.

Brad had noticed that the fire was creeping rather slowly, southward. It seemed as if every kind of animal which inhabited Northern California was running or gliding away from the oncoming furnace. He could do nothing until the other machines arrived, so he slowed down and dipping to a height of about two hundred feet fell to watching the animals. He dared not go lower for the heat and smoke were very

intense even at this altitude. Many of the animals were wading and swimming down the shallow stream, which flowed southward at the foot of Bergen's Ridge. He tried to see if he recognized what kind each animal was; there was a deer, a bear, and a few animals he did not know; again a mountain lion. The fire seemed to gain on a few of the slower ones. It was a pity to see them die! What was that white one? Surely there were no large white animals in this forest! He touched his "shrieker," and at the sound the object looked up and gave a cry of joy. It was a girl! He gave an answering "shriek" and began to study how he would get her. The trees on each bank were too close together to allow his aeroplane to descend between them. He settled lower but the heat became almost unbearable. The smoke was becoming thicker and as he descended to the height of the treetops, he realized that a few minutes in such air would suffocate him. He could hardly see the girl now, but he thought she did not seem to be suffering quite so much. He grabbed his megaphone and yelled to her to keep running down the creek until she came to an open space. He could stand it no longer, so he shot up above the clouds of smoke, watching for an open space in the trees. The first one that seemed at all possible was nearly fifty yards down stream. Could she get there in time? The fire seemed to be gaining every moment, and the water must be nearly boiling, after passing through that Inferno.

After taking a deep breath of this fresher air he shot for the open space. Slowing down as he neared the treetops, he began to fear that he could not get down to the ground. He must try it anyhow, for the fire would be there in a few more seconds. As he descended slowly he moved a foot forward, now to the right, now to the left. The branches caught in the wings but if it did not grow worse he thought he could make it. Finally he reached the bottom. He yelled for her to hurry, for he could not leave his machine suspended just above the water, to go to help her.

He wondered how she could stand the smoke and the heat. Would she ever reach the place? With encouragement she finally waded to the spot, and he, reaching down, caught her into his arms. The last she remembered was being placed in his lap and having her arms placed around his neck.

Rising out of the spot was much harder, because he had a heavier load than before and her hair got in his eyes, also. At the height of about thirty feet, one wing caught on a limb, and, tilting to an angle of almost thirty degrees, they were nearly thrown out. The machine righted itself with a jerk and the rest of the way up was without much trouble.

He quickly took her to a safe place a few miles distant. After bathing her face and hands with water, she revived.

After a few minutes she explained that she and her father had been camping up the stream, but very early that morning he had left for Black Sound to get supplies. Since her father would learn of the fire at Black Sound and become anxious, Brad sent a message of consolation and

assurance that his daughter was safe. He soon followed the message with the delivery of the girl. On his way to Black Sound, he noticed that "Beelzebub" was doing his work well, so he could leave the fire without anxiety.

While conversing on their trip to Black Sound, Brad learned that her name was Elsie Easton of Oakland. However, that is of little consequence, since she soon became Mrs. B. W. Coates of District Number Seventeen.

F. B. H., '10.

The Lovyere and the Mayde

A lovyere in the Senior Class there is,
A mayden, very fair, it seems is his.
From scole they walked to-gidre ev'ry day,
And talketh on the corner long, they say,
That leadeth to the dwelling of the mayde.
What two a truer piare han ever made?
Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to soft and reed,
An upturned nose she hadde, a fair foreheed;
And lokkes brown upon hir heed she wore;
Hir slender form som droopingly she bore.
Full well she song with wondrous voice and sweet,
That charmed many a heart that her did meet.
The lovyere was a faire and lusty youth,
He was so wyse and was so strong in truth,
That when the mayden on his form did gaze
Her heart she sone did know was in a maze.

N. M., '10.

A Canoe Ride on Lake Tahoe

LESTER HURD, '12.

RAGGING the little red canoe across the short, hot stretch of sand, really the only sand for miles along the forest girted lake, I dropped the bow into the water and steadying the canoe with my paddle, slipped cautiously in and sat down on the bottom.

A few short strokes and I shot forward onto the lake, then holding back on the paddle, I felt the rush of water, and the canoe came to a stop. I watched the little ripples and eddies steal lazily across the glassy surface of the lake, which quickly smoothed over again and assumed that shiny, tempting appearance, that still water takes on during stifling hot days when there is not a breath of wind to disturb it.

Leaning over the edge, I gazed far down into the clear, greenish water, and watched the trout as they lay on the bottom, forty, perhaps fifty feet below, and the shore only thirty feet away. Great, lazy fellows they were; far too lazy to open their mouths for bait. How large they appeared, magnified by the water! They even seemed to sway slowly back and forth, but really lay quite still, as if attempting to sun themselves on the smooth sandy bottom.

How long I lay watching I did not know, but rousing myself from this reverie I paddled slowly along the bank, as if afraid to disturb the sleepy trout, and drifted under the overhanging branches of the giant redwoods that cling to the rocky edges of the lake.

What a change as I came into the deep shadows; not a sound to be heard but the lap of water against my slowly drifting canoe. Here the water was dark, and again looking down as the canoe came to a stop, I could faintly distinguish the sea weed which clung to the rocks, as it opened and closed and swayed gently back and forth far, far below.

Again I lay and watched until the very silence became oppressive. My hand, slipping into the water, seemed overcome by the clammy coldness that gripped it. I started as an unoffending turtle slid into the water, and raising myself, I paddled softly back and drew up my canoe, feeling castdown and depressed, and I knew that I had been in far too close a communion with nature.

When Pa Bought a Suit

GRACE ASHLEY, '12.

FIRST we went to Brown's clothing store. That's where Pa always trades when he goes to Kensington. Mr. Brown always waits on us and treats us pretty nice. When we went in the store he rushed up and shook hands with Pa and Ma and then looked at me and said:

"How is your little boy?"

"This is the only little boy we have," answered Pa.

"Get out! You can't fool me. That little boy you had with you the last time you were here can't be this one."

"Well it was Johnny all right," answered Pa.

Then Mr. Brown laughed and shook hands with me and I finally got it through my head that he was only joking.

"What can I do for you today?" asked Mr. Brown.

Before Pa could say a word, Ma said: "Oh! we are just looking around. I don't think we want anything today." Ma is a member of the Woman's Suffrage Club at home and her word is law. One of the rules of the club is that the women have to make the men stand around and mind their p's and q's. That is, they make their husbands stand around if they are unfortunate enough to be married.

"Well, just look around and see what we have," said Mr. Brown.

Pa looked at Ma and kind of whispered, "I might look at a suit for myself."

Ma never said a word, but she looked mad. Mr. Brown led us to a table which was covered with suits and got a chair for Ma; then began picking over the suits.

"What do you want?" he asked. "Something in a business suit or more of a dress suit?"

"Yes, that's just what I would like," said Pa, but Ma had to say something.

"I think one of those swallow tails would be best. You can wear that when you go to church or when I entertain the Woman's Suffrage Club and you can wait on the table. You will look more like one of those professional waiters then."

I think that Pa has had that same kind of a suit for the last fifty years; and he has always done what ma told him to do.

"I'd like to try on the business suit. I never had one on since I have been married," said Pa.

So he pulled off his coat and Mr. Brown put the other one on and it looked fine and made Pa look years younger. He went to the mirror and looked at the back of it. "It fits pretty well," he said.

"It does not; it wrinkles across the shoulders and the sleeves are too short. I suppose you think I can not see anything at all. Anyway, you are too thin to wear that style of a coat," said Ma.

"Let me see a swallow tail coat," said Pa.

Mr. Brown brought one out. It was just awfully ugly. One of those plaids, and the squares were an inch across. Ma thought it was the handsomest thing she had seen for years. So Pa put it on.

"That is the kind of a suit for you," said Ma. "It is good strong cloth, too, and will wear well. Let me see some more suits of the same style." Mr. Brown brought out an armful of coats, and I guess that Pa tried them all on, and while he was doing that, Ma said:

"We might look at a suit for Johnny while we are here."

So another clerk came up with some suits for me to try on. There was one I wanted to keep. It was a nice black coat with lapels faced with silk or satin or something nice and shiny. But Ma held up her hands in horror and said it was too flashy. We fooled around there an hour or more, and finally Pa said: "I think that coat Johnny has on and the suit I looked at first will be all right."

The first swallow tail, you mean," said Ma, giving him a look.

"Er—er—er, yes," said Pa.

"What's the price of these suits, Mr. Brown?" said Ma.

"Mr. Smith's is thirty dollars, and Johnny's is twelve."

"That is entirely too much. I know we can save money somewhere else or at least we can see what someone else has."

"Very well," Mr. Brown said. "I am very glad you came here and if you do not get what you want anywhere else, just come back, and I'll do my best for you."

We went down the street and Ma dragged us into another clothing store and we went through the same performance but did not find a thing that suited ma. She is never satisfied anyway. Then we went through the same performance again and still Ma was not suited. When we got out of that store Ma was ready to hunt up another one but Pa, who had become brave suddenly, rebelled, and would not go.

"No. I am tired and Johnny is ready to drop," he said. "There is no sense in wandering all over town." He looked pretty scared, but he knew that he could easily run and get lost in the crowd if Ma was to get very ferocious.

"That is the only way to know whether you are getting cheated or not," snapped Ma.

"Well, I don't care. I am going back to Brown's. You can do as you please, but I know what I want," said Pa.

"Men think they know everything there is to be known," answered Ma, and we traveled the rest of the way in silence. When we reached Brown's Mr. Brown was as pleased as ever to see us.

"I kept those suits for you, Mr. Smith," he said.

"Let's see them again," said Ma.

She made us try on the coats again and Mr. Brown got the trousers

and vests, and took us to a dressing room and we put on the whole suit. Mine was a plaid and I did not like it, but Ma did, and she is boss. Pa's suit fitted him just like it had been made for him. The trousers of mine were too long and had to be shortened a little. We waited until the suits were altered and then started home. I was as tired as though I had worked in a hayfield and was glad enough to get home, where I knew I could lie down for awhile.

When we did arrive at home Ma said, "Now, Henry Smith, you have done as you pleased all day and now I am going to be boss once more. I am tired of being trodden under foot. You just make the fire, set the table and start supper while I go over to Mrs. Hill's and tell her about my trip. If I am not back soon, finish getting supper and then call me."

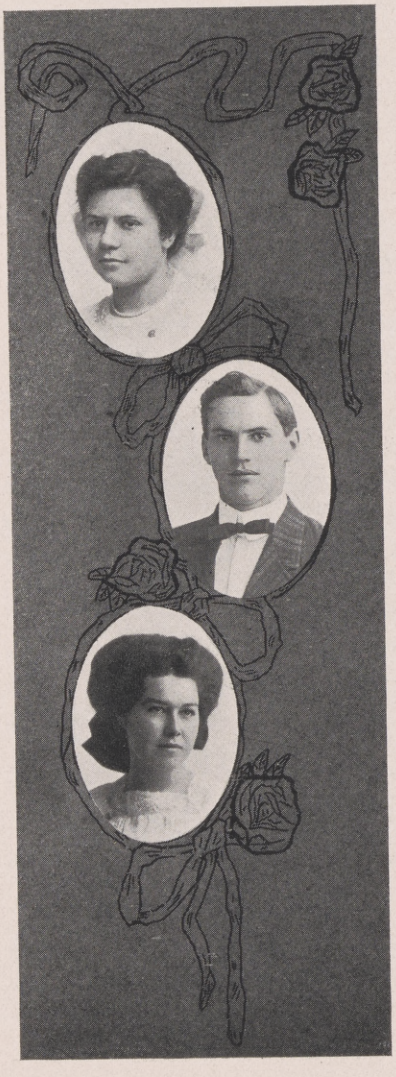
You see that is the way she does since this Woman's Suffrage has entered her head. It is not much wonder that Pa is a weazened up old man before his time.

A Sonnet

A young canary gay in sunlight gold,
Perched near a bridal rose now moist with dew,
Poured forth melodious measures ever new,
And swaying in the breezes seemed to hold
His little world enchanted while he told
His rhythmic numbers. I was silent, too,
Until the little songster's hymn so true
Was o'er, with notes both confident and bold.
And though the scene has vanished from my sight
My heart retained this thought: sincerity
To all is due, as in the golden light
He sang; the bridal rose his purity
Of heart embodied; as with answer bright
His mate he sought, he taught Fidelity.

E. M. N., '10.

GRADUATES.



Irene Weber, our jolly class president, is one of the kind of girls who the first time you meet her makes you feel perfectly at home. Although she is right there when some fun is going on, she knows how to work, too. Just look at the drawings in our paper and see—she is staff artist. Her jolly good nature is one of her chief charms, and her friends find a ready sympathizer in her.

Here is the "Lovyere" of the Senior Class, Frank Herbert. We have learned to admire his many fine characteristics. He is one of the best all-round athletes of the school, shining particularly in the high jump and hammer throw. Although he has been with us only two years, he has been a loyal member of the Nineteen Ten Class, and as such will always be remembered by his fellow graduates.

We have no "Mistletoe" in our class, but we do have that other delightful reminder of Christmas, "Holly." And she is just as charming as her namesake, too, if it is only a pet name, since the one she bears in dignified society is Helen M. Drake. She has done efficient work on the paper in the capacity of Assistant Editor. Holly will always occupy a bright spot in our memories.

In our minds, Daniel Ames, with his hearty, contagious laugh, is always associated with a jolly good time. Yet when there is work to be done, Dan is the right one to call upon. School spirit is another of his strong points, and in appreciation of his work he was elected Student Body President last semester.

From Sunnyvale this lassie comes; her name is Catherine Day. She has the distinction of being the only graduate this year who has auburn hair. Perhaps this is the reason the rest of us have to take second choice of the young men when Kitty is around. But we're not one bit jealous, because we can all sympathize with them, for Kitty is one of the most beloved members of the Nineteen Ten Class.

The Senior Class is very proud of the fact that it possesses the only pearl in the Mountain View High, in the person of Pearl True. Besides this, Pearl is the Seniors' only representative on the Basket Ball Team; and the team so appreciated our "Pearl" that it elected her Captain. Pearl is our one graduate this year from the Commercial Course.

In trying out honors as "Lovyere," Roscoe Duernberger is a close second to the successful aspirant. Perhaps this low rank is due to his short residence here, having been in this vicinity only since last September. Yet by his winning personality he so gained the confidence of the members of the school that he was elected Student Body Treasurer. Best wishes, Roscoe!

This is our student, Ethel Phelps. The following is a partial list of her studies at present: Civics, English, Physics, Latin, Modern and Mediaeval History, French, Spanish and Music. We have not yet finished compiling the list, but hope to do so soon. As prophetess, Ethel is now delving into the deep mysteries of the future. Though with us only since September, Ethel has won a place all her own in our hearts.

If you're tired and out of sorts with yoursef and the world, just go to Natalie Macrum; she can cheer you up with her radiant good humor. Our sweet singer is President of the Glee Club, and a very efficient one she is, too. The Mountain View High will certainly miss Natalie when she graduates, but our loss will be Stanford's gain. So here's for a happy future!

This last September we were glad to welcome Helen Evans into our class. Her sweet smile and sunny disposition soon made all of us her friends. Her hobby is to gather all the string she can at noon. It's harder for us, however, to keep account of all those she has on her "string." She says she's going to be a school "marm," but we don't know whether to believe her or not.

One of the legacies from the '09 Class was Fanny Distel, who was with us until Christmas. In those months that she was with us, we learned to love Fanny very much and she was greatly missed when she departed. The Nineteen Ten Class hope that this charming maiden may gain true success and happiness in any lot in life which she may choose to follow.

We are all jealous of Victor Smith—he seems to be Mr. Zahn's favorite, since the latter entertains him so often in the office that he has very little time to devote to the rest of us. Tennis affords him the needed recreation. He is a great favorite among the boys—and girls, too. May Miss Peckham be rewarded for her perseverance in making him work on his oration during the second period!

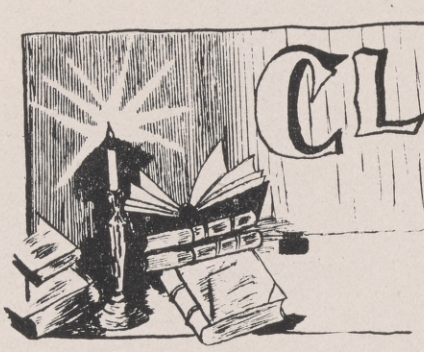
Electa Birkett, the President of Senior Ten Girls' Club, is Mayfield's first native born representative in the ranks of the graduates of the Mountain View High. With her sweet disposition and gentle manner, Electa has won the hearts of all of us and we are sorry that she spent only three years with us, instead of four. We envy the pupils who in future years will come under her gentle care!

Eva Newnan is as jolly a girl as you want to meet; yet she is studious, too, having as it seems a monopoly upon all the A's. The under graduates say it's too bad such girls cannot remain longer. She is Editor of the Blue and Gray, and we do not know what we would have done without her.

Genius should be given its due wherever found, and we are glad to recognize Ewart Brightman's talent in oratory. The Office is seldom honored by his saintly presence, but we have an idea that he could give a pretty accurate description of the furnishings. The school will be sorry to lose this bright scholar, who has regularly attended here for four years.

SENIOR DIRECTORY

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	WHERE USUALLY FOUND	GREATEST CHARM	GREATEST FAULT	AIM IN LIFE
DANIEL AMES	"Rino"	"You too, you big fat—"	In the lab.	Gracefulness.	Teasing.	To be in the circus.
EWART BRIGHTMAN	"Dub"	"This is awful!"	On the way to school.	Modest demeanor.	Being tardy.	To be the champion orator of the world.
ELECTA BIRKETT	"Lecter"	"Oh!"	In school.	Innocence.	Being good.	To impart knowledge to others.
CATHERINE DAY	"Kitty"	"Sure!"	Never in the same place.	Rippling laughter.	Too many beaux.	To be a "hustler."
HELEN DRAKE	"Hollie"	"So there!"	Waiting for somebody.	"That fuzziness."	Woman suffrage.	To be a bearer of the Red Cross.
ROSCOE DUERNBERGER	"Ross"	"Ye gods and little fishes."	With Ottilie.	"Lovableness."	Arguing.	To be a tooth-yanker.
HELEN EVANS	"Dearie"	"Oh! joy!"	Anywhere between home and H. S.	Her sweet disposition.	Staying after school.	To be idolized.
FRANK HERBERT	"Sherbet"	"Amazing!"	At Winifred's side.	"Quiet submissiveness."	Softness.	To queen.
NATALIE MACRUM	"Pete"	"Oh, kiddo!"	At home.	Musical voice and fingers.	Sighs (size)	To be a successor to Tetrazzini.
ETHEL PHELPS	"Blondy"	"Gosh!"	At San Antonio Country Club.	Never failing wit.	Talking.	To be a school-marm.
EVA NEWNAN	"May"	"Ooo!"	At her books.	Ah! those eyes.	Modesty.	To be the model of the Intellectual World.
VICTOR SMITH	"Vic"	"That's the candy!"	Under the auto.	His gentle laugh (?)	Stubborness.	To kill time.
PEARL TRUE	"Pat"	"That's the ginger!"	With the ball.	Basket Ball playing.	Whispering.	To make a catch.
IRENE WEBER	"Renie"	"Jiggers!"	At the depot in San Francisco.	Those curls (?)	Class discipline.	To be popular.



CLASS HISTORY

NATALIE MACRUM, '10.

ON the third of September, 1906, thirty-three boys and girls timidly entered the doors of the Mountain View High School building, as Freshmen. Our hearts were beating wildly, for were we not of that select company of the High School? Had we not been told of all the terrible things which would happen to us? Some were more courageous and went to speak to one of the Upperclassmen, but most of us stayed in a group in the hall, wondering what we should do. Finally we were told to take our seats in Room 11, from now on to be our class room.

There were three new members in the Faculty, one of them, Miss Peckham, being our class teacher. Miss Williston was the only one who had remained from the previous year.

After we were seated, the subjects which we wished to take were chosen, English and Algebra being compulsory. After getting a list of books to be used, we were dismissed. Our first day in High School was over.

Then every day was practically the same. Some of us were under Miss Williston, learning to say "amo, amas, amat," but invariably getting the accent wrong. Others learned about Romulus and Remus in Ancient History. A few soon knew of what the air was made, and why we had day and night. Every one knew about "The Lady of the Lake," and what $(x+y)^2$ equaled.

In the midst of the routine work, a knowing student said: "I think it is about time this class organized." So the next day a meeting was called, and the first officers of the Freshman Class were elected.

During the year, the Upperclassmen gave a delightful reception for us. It will always be remembered as a bright spot in our High School life. One day the Freshman Class held a meeting and decided to give a party in the High School. No Upperclassmen were invited, although some seemed to envy us, for that night several sought admission, but were turned away. At the end of the year, we, the Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors tendered a reception to the Seniors.

The next September after a rest of about two months, we entered the High School, no longer as Freshmen, but as Sophomores. No longer could the others call us "Freshies" and "babies." This year we again had Miss Peckham as our class teacher. How small our class had become, only fifteen! This year we were permitted to assist in entertaining the Freshmen, as we had been entertained when we were Freshmen. The members of the Sophomore Class practically followed the courses they had taken in their first year.

Another summer passed (it seemed so short!); we again entered the High School ranks, but now as Juniors under Miss Williston. We found out that a new member would be added to our class, Frank Herbert, transferred from Santa Clara High School. It did not take us long to discover that Santa Clara's loss was decidedly our gain. The number of the class this year was only thirteen.

We were in the same room with the Seniors, but we paid no attention to them, for we had long ago gotten over our attitude of reverence towards them. This year the number of the Faculty was increased from four to five. The customary Freshman and Senior receptions were given, the one at the beginning, the other at the close of the year. In March an interclass track meet was held, the Sophomores and Juniors against the Freshmen and Seniors. It was a red letter day in our school history, although we were defeated. We did our best; anyway how could two lower classes successfully compete against the wise Seniors.

That year we changed our colors from purple and gold to nile green and white.

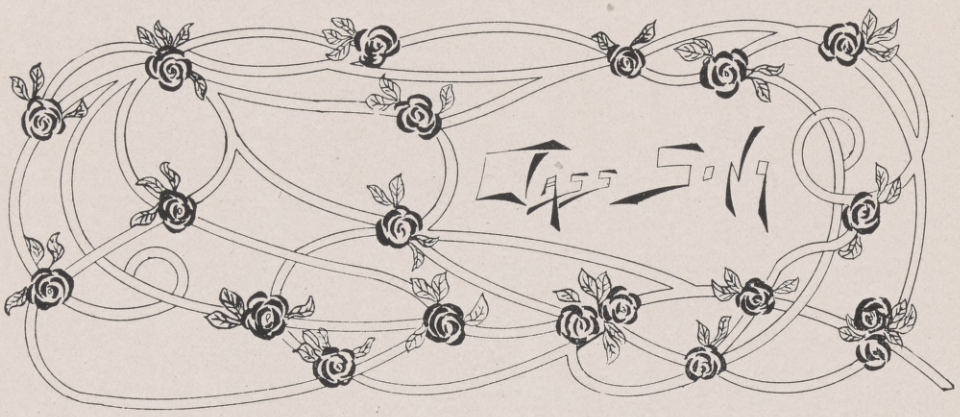
At last we were Seniors. Oh, how glad we all were, for had we not only one more year before us? We were in Miss Peckham's room with the Juniors.

We are glad to have with us from the Senior Class of the year before Fannie Distel, one who had not graduated with her own class because of a European trip. Three new members were added—Helen Evans, Ethel Phelps and Roscoe Duernberger. Our number is now fifteen, the largest class yet to graduate from the Mountain View High School.

During the year, the Seniors held two delightful parties, one at Ewart Brightman's, the other at Frank Herbert's. On May the thirtieth the class had a picnic near Soda Rock. The Juniors were exceedingly kind to us this year and entertained us at two delightful "evenings." In May the third palm in front of the High School was planted by our class. It is the most flourishing and the largest and the greenest of the three. On June the ninth the class presented the farce "All a Mistake." This was the second farce ever given by the High School.

This year the class chose the Bride Rose for its flower, and as its motto it took the one word "Fidelity."

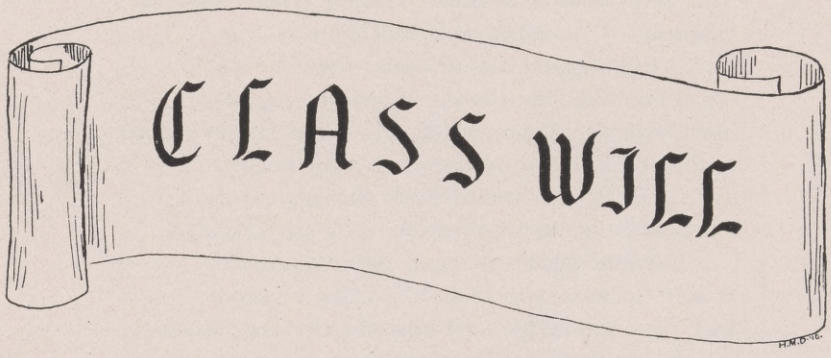
In the midst of those who strive
  To gain the dizzy height,
Let us keep "Fidelity,"
  Our watch word, ever bright.



1. The white rose hold with pride aloft
In stately purity,
And pledge therewith in truest faith
For aye "Fidelity."

Chorus:
Then hail to the green and the white, Oh
The colors we love so well,
With loyalty now we salute thee,
As thy folds on the breezes swell.
Then let us remain ever faithful,
To thee may we be true.
Then here's to the Class of Nineteen Ten
Of dear old Mountain View.

2. Fidelity to each we've sworn,
Sealed by Friendship's tie.
Then let us prove in word and deed
Our love for our dear old High.



(With due apology to Shakespeare).

F. HERBERT, '10.

Friends, students, citizens, lend me your ears;
I come to bury the Seniors, not praise them.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with the Seniors. Our noble Mother
Hath told you the Seniors were ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously have the Seniors answered it.
Here under leave of Mother and the rest—
For Mother is an honourable teacher.
So are they all, all honourable teachers—
Come I to speak in the Seniors' funeral.
They were my friends, faithful and just to me:
But Mother says they were ambitious;
And Mother is an honourable teacher.
She hath brought many Freshmen to this end,
Who lazily did their books with pictures fill.
Was this in them ambition?
When the Freshmen cried, the Seniors have laughed:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Mother says they were ambitious;
And Mother is an honourable teacher.
You all did see that on a day in May,
They all did plant for you a kingly palm,
Which you did load with refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Mother says we were ambitious;
And, sure, she is an honourable woman.
I speak not to disprove what Mother says,
But here I am to tell what I do know.
You all did love them once,—not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for them?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me
My heart is in coffin with the Seniors
And I must pause till it comes back to me.
But yesterday the word of Seniors might
Have stood against the world: now sit they here,
And none so poor to do them reverence.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Seniors;
I found it on the bookshelf,—'tis their will:
Let but the students hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss the Seniors' hands,
Yea, beg a hair of each for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Students. The will! The Testament!

You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then silent keep before this class of Seniors,
And let me show you them that made the will.
If you have tears prepare to shed them now.
You all do know these Seniors: I remember
The first time the name Seniors they did take;
'Twas on an autumn morning near a year
Ago; the day that this last term began:
O, what befell them since; you know not how
We were all stoned with lemons, apple cores,
And ripe tomatoes, while we braved it all:
O, what a rent the envious Juniors made:
Did not they try to kill their stately palm;
And try to lay it low, while havoc reigned?
That was the most unkindest cut of all.
O, now you weep: and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
The Seniors' feelings wounded?
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as the Juniors are;
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friends; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of them:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action; nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Tell of the Seniors' wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I a Junior
And a Junior were I; there were an orator
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue,
In every wounded Senior, that should move
The stones of time to rise and mutiny.
Wherein have the Seniors thus deserved your loves?
Alas you know not;—I must tell you then:
I've not read the will I told you of.

Students. The Will! Read us the Will!

Here is the will, and under the Seniors seal.

Last Will and Testament.

We, the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred Ten, of Mountain View High School, Town of Mountain View, County of Santa Clara, State of California, about to depart this life forever, and being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament, in manner and form following:

First. We give and bequeath to the School Trustees our heartfelt appreciation and thanks for the labor put forth by them in their effort to better our athletic and educational conditions, especially their efforts toward securing bonds for the addition to the High School.

Second. To the Faculty, we bequeath the honor of graduating the largest class ever graduated from Mountain View High School, also a class which will honor them and their teaching as they enter their life's work.

Third. The 1910 class gives and bequeaths to Professor Zahn the pleasure of less frequent visits to the Office. We also bequeath Ewart Brightman, the flower of the class, to Professor Zahn to be transplanted as a nucleus for next year's botanical gardens.

Fourth. To Mr. Gwartney, we give and bequeath a new Trignometry compiled by this year's Trignometry class, provided that he promise that he will never use it as a text book in Mountain View High.

Fifth. We bequeath to Miss Williston, the best wishes of the Seniors, who will go out into the world and remember her as their great benefactor and godmother. We also bequeath to her Louis Sinz, provided that she bring him up, using as a model the present Senior Class.

Sixth. The 1910 class gives and bequeaths to Miss Peckham, peace from the trials and tribulations caused by the Seniors. We also give and bequeath to her the dedication of "The Blue and Gray."

Seventh. To Miss Shepard we bequeath all the finished and unfinished posters and drawings made by us.

Eighth. We give and bequeath to the school, the Senior palm planted by us in the front yard of the High School.

Ninth. To the Juniors, we bequeath the all important and time honored name of Seniors. We hope that the Juniors will strive to be as dignified as those bearing the name at present.

Tenth. We wish and desire to bequeath to the Sophomores all the honor obtained by us in athletics and studies. You've made a good beginning, Sophomores; keep it up!

Eleventh. To the Freshmen we bequeath all the self-conceit and presumption attributed to Seniors.

Twelfth. The 1910 Class bequeaths to Kenneth Slater all the extra ambition that they possess. We have always had a large amount of this in reserve so we can well part with enough for him.

Thirteenth. As we do not wish to cast our pearls before swine, we do bequeath to a certain Junior boy our only "Pearl".

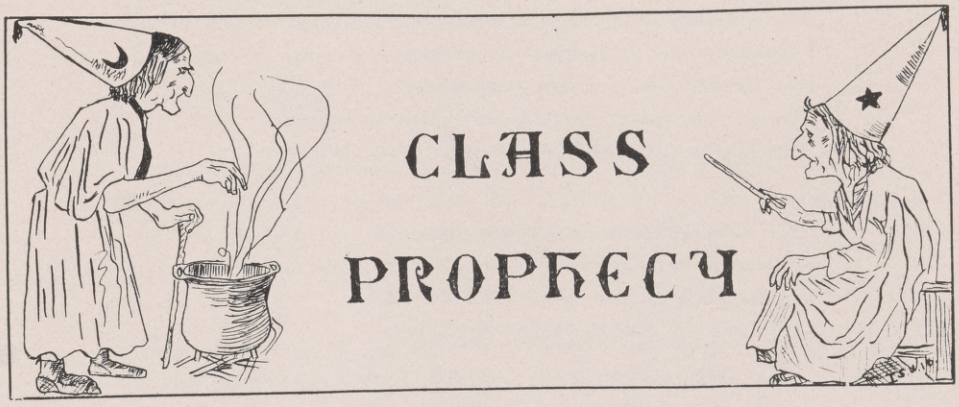
Fourteenth. Ewart Brightman bequeaths to all, who may apply, his method of parting his hair in the middle and slicking is down on each side until it shines. He also bequeaths a sample of his oratory with each demonstration.

Fifteenth. Helen Drake bequeaths her dimples to the most bashful boy in the Freshman Class. This must be decided by contest, the Faculty acting as judges. The boy blushing to the ends of his hair shall be declared winner.

Sixteenth. Roscoe Duernberger and Victor Smith give and bequeath to the dentists in the town of Mountain View their loud laughs. This is to be used in the manufacture of laughing gas.

Lastly, we nominate and appoint as executor of this, our last will and testament, our Principal, Mr. E. L. Zahn. In witness whereof, we, the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred Ten, have hereunto set our hand and seal, this Twenty-third Day of June, Nineteen Hundred and Ten.

Signed, sealed and declared by the Class of Nineteen Ten.



CLASS PROPHECY

ETHEL PHELPS AND PEARL TRUE.

Scene—The woods by night, with a witch in the background. (Enter Messenger).

Witch—

Whence cometh thou, my comrade bold,
Who liv'st as I am often told,
Afar from here in realms unknown
Where even birds have never flown?

Messenger—

From lands in which there is no night,
A realm of fay and airy sprite,
In haste I've come no time to lose,
To learn from you much valued news—

Witch—

What news, I pray?

Messenger—

Of Mountain View,

The high school lads and lassies who
Here in glad array have come,
Their charmed years but just begun,
Through you whose magic power can tell
The future and its secrets well,
What lies in store for each of those,
Whose emblem is the bridal rose?
When ten years speed their hasty flight,
Where those who wear the green and white?
A jovial face all smiles I see,
A hearty lad with manner free,
Say what shall be for Daniel Ames
In portals fair of mistress Fame's?

Witch—

Not ten but twenty years have passed,
The smiling face I see at last,
Dignity now compelled to wear,
For he fills the presidential chair.
The people have learned our Daniel's worth,
And made him chief of the best land on earth.

Messenger—

And next a lassie quiet but true,
Whose gentle manner lends her grace,
Electa Birkett the name she bears,
Tell how in future days she fares.

Witch—

A school room busy and quiet I find
Where Electa trains the infant mind,
But soon with their teacher they must part,
For a former pupil has won her heart.

Messenger—

Dusky hair and eyes of blue,
Next in order is Pearl True,
Lithe and active and never at rest;
What lot for her do you attest?

Witch—

A great surprise awaits us here,
And doubtless it is very queer,
For I never had thought of Pearl in my life,
As ever becoming a minister's wife.

Messenger—

But look! a lad of gravest mien,
A mind judicial and most keen,
A splendid future I know right well
For Ewart Brightman you'll foretell.

Witch—

A lawyer whose eloquence and renown,
Have won applause the world around,
Such is the record of Ewart the Bright,
And in the farther future if I read aright,
His greater fame may yet be seen,
Chief Justice of the Court Supreme.

Messenger—

With hair of gold and dancing eyes
Shaming the brightness of summer skies,
Comes now our sunny Catherine Day,
What says Fate to her, I pray?

Witch—

In "merrie England" far away,
No longer merely "Kitty Day,"
Her brow is adorned with a coronet,
As fair a Duchess as can be met.

Messenger—

Now comes the gentle Fanny beloved by two classes.
No wonder, thou sweet most bewitching of lasses,
She left us in grief when she sought Europe's shore
For we feared we should never see Fannykin more.

Witch —

Your fears were in reason for I've lost the score
Of the lovers she's had; Dukes, counsellors, more
Than enough. But loyal American through
And through, she returned whole-hearted, true-blue,
And scorning their titles, bestowed her hand
On a native son of her own fair land.

Messenger—

Thoughtful eyes of hazel hue,
Curly hair and dimples too;
Nothing too good your charms can make,
For the winsome classmate Helen Drake.

Witch—

At White House functions lending grace
Ever is present the loved face,
Always the head of Washington life;
For of course our President needed a wife.

Messenger—

And here's another Senior lad
A comrade gay and never sad,
Who comes with ready song and mirth;
Now Roscoe's fate unearth.

Witch—

Nimble in argument always,
So he joys to spend his days,
Woman Suffrage his constant theme
To see them vote his dearest dream.
No longer "get a man" he cries
But for the women's votes he sighs.

Messenger—

And further as I onward pass
My eyes behold a charming lass,
Who holds her head with a queenly air;
Helen Evans' lot declare.

Witch—

The dainty fingers work and toil;
The hardest labor doth not foil
Our artist maiden talented,
While fame and fortune at her feet are spread.

Messenger—

Again a lad I'm charmed to greet,
With shoulders broad, a runner fleet;
Not more hardy than strong of soul,
What is Frank Herbert's future role?

Witch—

The woods and forests know him well
To Frank the forester's work befell,
His genius wins him praise full free;
Chief Forester he is yet to be.

Messenger—

A girl with earnest look comes next
By petty cares she's never vexed,
With ready smile and helping hand;
For Natalie Macrum what plan?

Witch—

As in days of old she charmed them all
With music soft and beautiful,
So, many people love to hear
Our singer's voice so sweet and clear.

Messenger—

A bonnie maiden comes this way,
Our dark-haired, black eyed, Eva May,
All hearts pay tribute at her shrine,
Can Fate the best for her decline?

Witch—

Even as in high school day
To her the troubled student found her way,
So now they flock to their college dean,
In girlish hearts she reigns supreme.

Messenger—

A hearty laugh and winning smile,
A charm that doth all men (?) beguile,
Victor Smith is a gallant lad,
He merits the best that can be had.

Witch—

Perhaps you would not think it truth
But Victor a preacher is, in sooth,
And none in the pulpit more eloquent is,
Who sagest advice to young men gives.

Messenger—

As fair in face, as sweet and mild,
What fate is in store for Apollo's child?
Has Ethel's verse won her fame ere now,
Does she wear the olive about her brow?

Witch—

Ah yes, my dear, you have guessed aright.
Her past is renowned and her future bright.
She has won her place in the halls of fame,
Our hearts' applause and the world's acclaim.

Messenger—

Dost remember a pair of bright brown eyes,
Face dimpling with smiles, where laughter lies,
Has Irene become solemn and sober of mien?
Does life look more serious than it used to seem?

Witch—

A student forever, to nature's heart dear,
In Physics recall, she was without a peer,
She is learned in comet lore, and can without fail
Account for the star-dust that's found in the tail.

Messenger—

And now the Faculty behold.
Approacheth our friend and adviser of old,
With word of praise for work well done;
What of the loved Miss Williston?

Witch—

In a city fair not far away,
She watches the students at work or play,
Of Los Altos the principal,
None more bright or capable.

Messenger—

With kindly smile and welcome hand,
The guardian of the Senior band,
Miss Peckham swiftly now draws near;
For her what destiny, oh seer?

Witch—

Her sons and daughters not a few,
Are marvels of knowledge ever new,
Of outlines, maps, and history
Which to us were wrapped in mystery.

Messenger—

And what Miss Shepard's destiny,
The "flower" of the Faculty,
Whose patience is by none surpassed
To draw a sketch or make a cast?

Witch—

Artistic ever she grieved at heart,
Her students would not love their art;
But now she's made without a flaw
A device compelling all to draw.

Messenger—

Comes Mr. Zahn with stately tread,
A wreath of laurel crowns his head;
He led the students' steps of old,
What doth fame for him unfold?

Witch—

Learned in botanical lore,
We knew him ever to be of yore,
Of hardest labor unafraid,
He's Luther Burbank's valued aid.

Messenger—

And last but not the least by far,
For few in science wiser are,
Our Mr. Gwartney comes to view;
Now what has time for him to do?

Witch—

His New Geometry has just come out,
The work is perfect, I've no doubt,
No proofs "absurd" are therein found,
No finer book the world around.
And for the Alma Mater, dear
To ever Senior's loyal heart,
Greater success with every year
Of many lives a strengthening part.

History and Its Lessons

J. Ewart Brightman.

FOR six thousand years this world has been making history. Since man was first placed upon the earth, he has been seeking to better his conditions, to cope with the apparently insurmountable obstacles in his pathway, in order that his children might enjoy the results of his labors. For years, for centuries, for millenniums, this process has gone on. The genius and intellectual power of every nation and time have contributed to the luxury and learning possessed by this generation.

Therefore we owe an incalculable debt of gratitude to the past—to the vast army of men and women who have not only resisted the alluring proclivities to debauchery and ease, but have lived and fought and, if need be, unhesitating sacrificed their lives in defense of right principles. Not in vain have they died, for their blood has cried from the ground. Dauntless men, hearing its mute appeal, have put their shoulders to the wheel and carried on the conflict.

The record of their achievements is found in history. Ages ago, long before the time of the immortal Herodotus, men began to chronicle the doings of their fellows. Each succeeding generation has produced its historians, who have written and written for our admonition. From the Pentetuch, composed by that grand patriarch, Moses, whom Bacon correctly styles "God's first pen," down to the pleasing productions of our versatile ex-president, Theodore Roosevelt, we have a long line of comprehensive historical compositions. The heroes of Troy had long since been forgotten but for Homer's song, and the noble exploits of ancient worthies live only upon the page of history. The fame of no nation has been transmitted to us but by records. And just in proportion to the number of writers do we perceive the character of the time.

In ancient Hellas, that beautiful land of heroic men and noble women, multitudes, proud of the Grecian name, were wont to celebrate quadrennially the Olympian festival. Here they listened to that greatest of romantic historians, Herodotus. With every faculty awake, the Grecian youth drank deeply of the well of knowledge. The illustrious achievements of his ancestors, there so passionately recited, caused the young man to thrill with ambition, and in his mind arose an earnest desire to emulate those heroes. The conduct of the brave, the patriotic, served as examples to him, and every motive was brought into requisition to stimulate to honorable enterprise.

Mark this fact. Those nations and peoples who have had continually brought to their attention the lives and successes of their countrymen of former generations, have, in their turn, accelerated very perceptibly the progress of civilization. The antipodal condition has, however, been the result when nations have neglected the study of history. They "measure themselves by themselves," and aspire for no higher excellence. While they are yet groveling in the basement, they fancy they have attained to the summit of the temple, because from the obscurity of their vision they can perceive nothing above them.

The thoughtful student of the sublime past learns not only the history of man, the different events that have transpired, but that which is transcendentally more important, the cogent and eternal principles that have elevated and overthrown nations. History is philosophy teaching by example, and, says Burke: "Example is the school of mankind and they will learn at no other." The naturalist, strolling abroad in the fields on an early June morning, his heart beating in joyful accord with his glorious surroundings, views "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." The astronomer, who, as Carlyle beautifully expresses it, sees the stars gleaming like spirits "from their thrones in the boundless depths of heaven," readily hears the music in the spheres. Even so the young man brought up at the feet of history, "the gray-headed chronicler of years," is shown the laws of life, exemplified in their consequences.

Whenever a people have violated the principles of liberty or been so unfortunate as to forget that their opponents have a right to their opinions, the results of their erratic, fanatical career have always been disastrous. Let us seek proof for our assertion in the treasure house of history. In the Egyptian city of Alexandria there was once the Serapion university and library of seven hundred thousand volumes, a wealth of garnered thought, a place where physicians and scientists lived and studied. All this was destroyed at one fell swoop from off the green earth's face by the Christian Theophilus, Archbishop of the Alexandrian See, acting under the withering orders of the Christian Emperor, Theodosius, in A. D. 391. Why? Simply because the Byzantine monarch believed the learning of the doctors heretical. Those diseases which could not be cured by the laying on of pious hands were past all recovery, and any attempt to cure by scientific methods was but defiant blasphemy.

No wonder that the sun went down behind clouds of bigotry and darkness, behind the waters of a deep and muddy sea of ignorance and superstition—in the blackest of all nights. No wonder that for a thousand years thereafter no physician's life was safe in Rome. No wonder that a thousand years later good men were burned alive for saying this globe was round and stars were simply other worlds. No wonder Jews were slaughtered, witches hung and dumb brute horses burned at stakes as the hiding place of devils.

It seems beyond comprehension, doesn't it, that, with centuries of

lessons before them, our own Puritan ancestors should have repudiated the principles of liberty? Yet, when Roger Williams came to Massachusetts teaching freedom of conscience and true liberty, our Puritan fathers angrily girded up their loins of righteous wrath and expelled the presumptuous heretic from Salem in the dead of winter. Again the world was taught a lesson, because for fifty years thereafter the very house which Roger Williams had built while in Salem was used for the trial of witches, and many a poor and innocent soul was escorted to the gallows accused of unlawful and illicit communication with his Satanic majesty.

Enough, however, of these unpleasant retrospections. Let us briefly consider the uplifting associations enjoyed by the student of history. "Literature," says Carlyle, "is the thought of thinking souls," and Sir Philip Sidney truly writes: "They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts." Historical literature, especially yields us the companionship of great characters, of men who have stood forth pre-eminently above their fellows, and who have been winners in life's race. Even the very stones excavated from the long-deserted ruins of once proud cities by ambitious archaeologists, constitute mute witnesses of former glory by means of the cuneiform symbols engraved thereon.

There is something inspiring in the thought that, through the medium of history, we may traverse the Syrian plains with Nebuchadnezzar's vast army en route to Tyre, and, as an onlooker, behold the investment of the apparently invincible island city, which only succumbed to the genius of the mighty Babylonian after a siege of thirteen long years. Or, coming down to Roman times, how our hearts thrill with admiration as we accompany the impetuous Hannibal on his perilous journey across the Alps; as we see him descend like a whirlwind on the fair Italian plains and defeat the trained legions in battle after battle, until even proud Rome, the Empress of the World, trembles with fear upon her seven hills at the mere mention of the Carthagenian.

With what interest do we not watch the meteoric career of Napoleon. Sword in hand, he dominates the nations and Victory sits upon his banners with folded wings. What a tragedy is contained in the last magnificent charge of the Old French Guard at Waterloo, the Old Guard, "which dies but never surrenders." We hear the muttered exclamation of Bonaparte, "All is lost!" as, confused and distracted, he is led from the field by the still faithful Marshal Ney. The "Sun of Austerlitz" has set forever.

But we must not weary you with prolixity. One more phase of this subject and we are done. The modern American youth has the reputation of being the most egotistical person in existence. He thinks that wisdom began with him, and will end with his decease. We believe that this disease can readily be cured by the study of history, for the student is brought to the realization of what an insignificant object an individual is. To illustrate by examples from nature: Suppose a man

finds himself early some bright morning on one of our wild Western prairies. The beams of the rising sun reveal to him the vast level distances, north, south, east, west, stretching from under his feet to the faraway mountains, hidden in blue haze. The silence is so intense it can almost be felt. Down yonder a lone coyote lopes his way among the scrubby bushes. Far above a solitary buzzard wheels through the air in majestic circles. Then the person realizes, as never before, how small is man, how vast is nature.

Or, if he stands upon a rocky coast at night when the half-moon, obscured by fleecy clouds, sheds a soft white but dim effulgence on his surroundings and he hears the ever restless waves break with hollow booming sound upon the unrelenting rocks; or, if placed in a forest of gigantic sequoias, he looks upon their immense height and considers their great age, then he remembers how frail is man. In the same manner do the principles of historical development and the achievements of giant intellects of the past drive all egotism from his mind.

Therefore, I cannot agree with that French gentleman, Voltaire, who flippantly informed the world that "history is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes." Instead, we may draw lessons of gigantic import therefrom. But let us remember that an ounce of truth really lived is worth a ton of it scientifically apprehended, and, acting upon this maxim, let us wield these self same lessons into the very fibre of our lives.

The Fall of Troy

Nineteen Ten

"Tell of the fall of thy fatherland, Troy, I entreat thee, Aeneas;
Picture the sad desolation that ruled in that once proud city;
When the invading battalions of Grecians, victorious, had finished their
Deeds of such awful atrocity that on the following morning
Fair Troy smoked from her very foundations. This do I know, for
Numerous rumors have come; but this am I eager to hear from
One who has seen the destruction of Troy and the home of great Priam."
Thus urged, Father Aeneas related to Dido, the queen of
Carthage, the tale of his suff'rings—Aeneas, who, driven from Troy, the
Home of his fathers, by fates unpropitious; pursued o'er the deep by
Wrath unrelenting from Heaven above, sent forth by fair Juno—
Angered by Paris' decision in favor of Venus, and words of the
Fates that the citadel built by Aeneas, would some time o'erthrow the
City of Carthage, the seat of the goddess—at last storm-tossed, had
Come to the haven he sought, a retreat from the rolling sea billows.
Venus, his mother, informed him that this was the land of great Libya,
Settled of old by Phoenicians, and led him to Dido, the ruler.
She had received him with honors, her interest in him soon increasing;
For, at the banquet, sly Cupid, assuming the shape of Ascanius,
Son of Aeneas, instilled in her breast a disastrous love for the
Hero, while she, unsuspecting, was chattering gaily with Trojan and
Tyrian, for all had been summoned to join in the festal reception.
After the first lull came in the feasting, the food was removed, and
Great bowls foaming with wine and wreathed with flowers were
brought.
Voices in happy communion resounded through all the vast halls.
Fretted with gold were the ceiling; suspended from them were the lamps
which
Conquered dark night with their brightness. Demanding the gem-
bedecked goblet
Used by old Helus of yore, and by those from him were descended, and
Praying to Jove that this evening might long be remembered by those
who were
Present, she poured the libation of wine; then, touching her lips to the
Cup, with a smile passed on to her neighbor, who drained it, and quickly
there
Rose at the tables a babel of voices commingled. And after
White-haired Iopas had sung of the stars and the moon and creation,
Then fairest Dido commanded the wand'rer to tell his sad story.

Hushed was the happy assembly, which listened with eager attention.
Then, from his couch pre-eminent, thus spake Father Aeneas:
"Great is the grief, O Queen, you bid me relate, when you ask me to
Tell how the Grecians destroyed all the works of great Ilium, that wretched
Land. Ah! who could refrain from tears at the deeds of the soldiers,
Led by hard-hearted Ulysses? And now, dewy night, winged with sleep, is
Hastening down from the Heavens, and stars which are setting invite us to
Slumber. But if, in your heart, you desire to be told of the struggle of
Troy, though I shudder to picture the ruin and terrible sorrow,
I shall begin. As the years rolled by and their arms were availing them
Nothing the Grecians resorted to strategy, and with the aid of
Pallas Athene, of spruce they constructed a horse, which was huge as a
Mountain, but hollow. This they pretended was offered to Pallas that
They might traverse the Aegean again to their fatherland safely.
Thus fame spread it abroad. Having chosen their bravest commanders they
Secretly filled the vast cavern with soldierly eager to ruin fair
Troy by foul perfidy. Out to the westward lay Tenedos; thither they
Sailed and secreted their ships on the treacherous coast. Quite deceived, we
Thought they had gone, and all Troy threw aside her dark mantle of mourning.
Opened again were the gates, and again did we joyfully walk by the
Seashore, treading on ground we had last trodden ten long, dreary
Summers before. Then all gathered round the dire offering to Pallas,
Wondering at its great siz, and Thymoetes, urged on because the
Fates had ordained it, or Treason, advised us to take it within the
Walls and to place it in Troy's sacred citadel. Others, however,
Swayed by a better opinion, now bade us cast the deceit of the
Greeks and suspected reward of the goddess far into the sea, or
Burn it with fire. Thus Discord arose in the minds of the people.
Followed by many, Laocoon ran from the citadel, and, when
Far off, cried: "What madness is this, fellow-countrymen, tell me?
Would you place trust in an enemy, gone though he be? Do you think any
Gift of the Greeks free from treachery? Thus was Ulysses known?
Trust not the horse, O ye Trojans!" But they, disregarding the warning,
Dragged the great monster within the high walls of the city. And Sinon,
Cordially welcomed by Priam, on hearing his sad but false tale of
Cruel desertion by Grecians, that night stole forth in the darkness and
Opened the horse, thus freeing the chiefs of the Grecians imprisoned therein.
These, in turn, opened the gates to their comrades, returning at last,
After the treacherous guest of old Priam had given the signals.

It was the time when repose first enters dispirited mortals,
Stealing into their sad souls, the most gracious reward of the gods.
Lo! in my sleep there appeared in a vision most sorrowful Hector,
Present before me and weeping great tears, dragged hence by the chariot,
Just as of old, but now grimy with blood-stained earth, and with thongs
Passed through his bare, swollen feet. And the thought came to me as I gazed, how
Changed from that Hector returning when clad in the spoils of Achilles,
Or when fire had been cast in the ships of the Grecians by Trojans;
Matted with blood was his hair, and his beard all unkempt in his sorrow,
Bearing those numerous wounds he received round the walls of his fathers.
I myself, moaning, now seemed to address the great hero and spoke thus
These sad words: "O light of great Ilium, thou hope of the Trojans,
What great mischance has restrained thee? From whence dost thou come, long-expected
Hector? Worn out, we behold thee returning again when so many
Countrymen slaughtered have been, now after such trials of men and of
City? Ah! what undeserved cause spoiled your fair features? Or why do I
See these wounds?" Yet he sought not to check me questioning vainly.
Sighs broke from the depths of his heart as he sadly commanded:
"Flee, O thou born of a goddess, and snatch thyself from the flames.
Held by the foe are the walls; Troy falls from her very foundations.
Paid is the debt to your king and your country; if Pergama could have been
Saved, this right hand would have kept it from ruin. And now to your care Troy
Trusts all her gods and mystical rites. Take these as companions of
Fortunes to come, and for these seek walls which some time you will raise
When the seas have been crossed." Thus spake he, and brought the eternal
Fire and the fillets of powerful Vesta forth from the citadel.
Meanwhile all Troy was disturbed by the noises of grief now commingled.
Louder and louder resounded the clanging, and din of the battle
Rolled, though the house of Anchises stood back and surrounded by
Trees. I arose from my slumber and quickly ascended the housetop.
Then was the truth made clear, and the wiles of the Grecians revealed.
Vulcan was victor. Deipholus' home fell in ruins, and now the
House of Ucalegon; shining afar were the Straits of Segium.
Clamor of men and loud clangor of trumpets filled all the air.
Raging, I snatched up my arms; although arms could avail me nothing, my
Soul was then burning to gather a band for the struggle and join our

Friends in the citadel; frenzy and wrath seized my soul and the thought
Came to my mind: 'Tis a glorious thing to die for one's country,
Meantime escaping the spears of the Grecians, Panthus, the priest,
Phoebus and Troy's lofty citadel, bearing the sacred utensils and
Troy's conquered gods in the one hand, dragging his grandson along with the
Other, distracted, was holding his course toward the gates. "O Panthus,
Where is the great fight? What stronghold shall we seize? " And then scarce had I
Spoken these words, when thus he replied with a groan in his terror:
"The last day has come, the inevitable time of great Ilium's upon us.
Trojans we were; Troy was, and the glory of Trojans; for Jupiter
All to the care of great Argos has given; the Grecians are masters
Here in the midst of the flames. The great horse brought into the city
Poured forth armed men; Sinon, exulting as victor, had spread the
Fire. Soon others were present at wide-open portals, as many in
Number as ever have come from Mycene; and hold narrow ways with
Weapons on guard; bared swords with their glittering edges stand ready for
Slaughter; the guards of the gates when aroused now resist in blind warfare.
Rushing through weapons, through foes to a death not uncertain, we hold our
Way through the middle of Troy; black night hovers around us with empty
Shades. Who, only relating, can picture the havoc and deaths of that
Night? or do justice, with tears, to the terrible labors? The city,
Ruling for so many years, now falls from her anicent position.
Scattered, the noise at the palace of Priam then summoned us thither.
There a great battle was raging, in truth as if others were not being waged in
All the broad city, and men were not falling in all those great struggles.
Visible is the great palace within, and the shrines of old Priam,
Built by his fathers of yore; armed men can be seen in the doorways,
Guarding the treasures of Priam. Within, all the house is confused with the wretched commotion;
Resounding with feminine shrieks are the vaulted
Halls. To the glittering stars is the noise borne aloft. There anxious
Mothers are wandering through the vast halls, and embracing the pillars.
They, in their sorrow, imprint their sad kisses thereon in farewell.
Pyrrhus is pressing ahead with the might of his father, nor doors nor
Guards can restrain him. The gates at length yield to the battering ram, and the
Doors, which are forced from their hinges, now lie on the floor in disorder;
Grecians are pouring through all the wide avenues, slaughtering those who with-

Stand them, and all the great places are filled with the alien soldiery.
Looking behind, I wonder what troops are around me. But tired out,
All have departed, some having leaped to the ground, and the others
Given their bodies worn out with the strife to the fiery flames.
I am alone on the housetop, when, crouching at Vesta's secluded
Threshold, and there at the altars concealed, I catch sight of fair Helen.
Blazing in darkness, the fires give forth light to me, wandering round and
Gazing in every direction. She feared the Trojans, to her very hostile,
Since through her, Troy was o'erthrown; feared vengeance of Greeks and the wrath of her
Husband, deserted; the curse of her country and Troas alike, had
Hidden away; an object of hatred to all, she now kept near the
Shrine. And great passion arose in my soul; the desire sprang up to a-
Venge my fair fatherland fallen; inflict just return upon her who was
Guilty. "Shall she, all unharmed, see Sparta and native land, Greece, and
Go as a queen when the triumph is won, and see husband and home,
Parents and children, attended by throngs of the maidens of Troy and her Phyrgian
Servants? And thus shall she go when Priam is slain by the sword? when
Troy has been burned? When Dardanian shores have so often been wet with their
Blood? Not thus shall she go, for although there's no glory in killing a
Woman, yet I shall be praised when this curse is destroyed and receives the
Punishment merited; I shall delight, satisfying my soul with avenging
Flames and appeasing the souls of my friends who have fallen in battle."
Thus was I thinking; my mind, which was raging with frenzy, was bearing me
On, when, before me in splendor, appeared my dear fostering mother,
Gleaming in radiant light through the darkness, a goddess confessed.
Taking my arm, she detained me and spoke with her roseate lips:
"Son, what great anger arouses invincible passion in you?
Why do you rage? Or whither has fled your regard for your own?
First see where you have left your old father and wife, sweet Creusa, and
Son, young Ascanius! The lines of the Greeks have surrounded them,
And had my care not withstood them the flames had destroyed them and hostile
Sword drank their blood. Not the form of the hated Laconian woman, nor
Paris is worthy of blame, but the fates of the gods have o'erthrown this
Power and felled great Troy from her lofty position on high."
All Troy seemed at that moment to sink in the flames, and though founded by
Neptune, old Ilium at last was upturned from its lowest foundations.

Eva Newnan, *Editor* Helen Drake, *Assistant Editor* Charles Moore, *Business Manager*
Irene Weber, *Artist* Victor Smith, *Organizations*
Ewart Brightman, *Society* Natalie Macrum, *Joshes* Frank Herbert, *Athletics*

EVA M. NEWNAN, '10.

COMMENCEMENT time is again at hand—another Senior Class is preparing to leave the halls of its Alma Mater, and is going forth—some to continue their studies in the University, some to begin work in the world's school, some to stay at home—but in whatever sphere of life the members of the Nineteen Ten Class find their respective lots, may their pride in the Mountain View High School attend them, to urge them on to higher and nobler achievements.

The graduating class can certainly look back upon this—its last year—as one of the most profitable it has ever spent, and much of its pleasure has been due to the lavish generosity of the Juniors. The Juniors certainly know how to do things. May they receive according to their merits! Ye class of 1912, remember the precedent! You will be Seniors some day yourselves!

We have been singularly blessed with an able Faculty which always works for the betterment of the school, and we may rest assured that it will do all in its power to extend the school's sphere of activity and influence.

But to gain this, not only must we have an able Faculty but also school spirit. To the average High School student, school spirit means waving pennants, flying colors, and frantic yells at an athletic event, with every one there to cheer on his school's team to victory. It seems to us, however, that school spirit embraces something larger than this. True, that is one of the mediums by which the outside world judges school spirit, but is that all that it stands for? After careful thought, we have arrived at the conclusion that school spirit may be considered synonymous with co-operation—which would mean unity among the students and a Student Body working with the Faculty for the good of the school. "Together we stand, divided we fall" is just as true of the school as of the Nation. So if you're without school spirit—a knocker, and we have a few of this type left—drop your habitual complaining and get in and work for the best interests of your school—pay your just

debts, your Student Body dues and assessments—and lo! school spirit will be yours.

We ask our readers to patronize the business men who have so generously aided the paper in a financial way by taking advertisements in this issue. By dealing with them, you will get only the best in their respective lines.

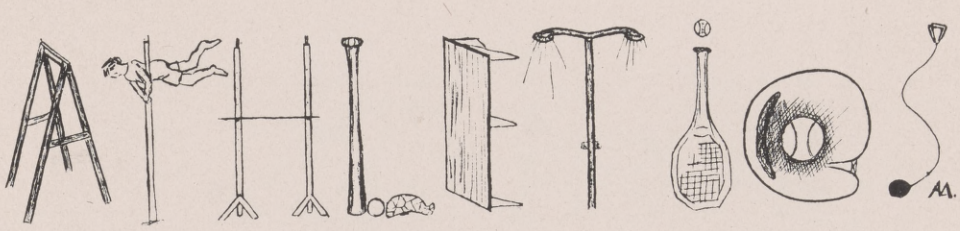
One more request of our kind readers—when dealing with our advertisers please mention "The Blue and Gray," so that they may realize the value of their advertisements in this paper.

We should indeed be without gratitude if we failed to thank the Board of Trustees for the efforts which they have made for the issuance of the bonds for the addition to the High School, and also the voters of this district, who on May the twenty-sixth, made the new addition a certainty. We shall try to show that their kind interest in us has not been misplaced.

EXCHANGES

DURING the last semester we have received the following papers: The Madronos from the Palo Alto High, Liberty Union High School Annual, The Magnet from Selma Union High, The Tocsin of Santa Clara High, and the Pacific Weekly from the University of the Pacific. We acknowledge the receipt of these papers with much pleasure and hope next year to be able to devote more space to the exchanges.

Standing, from left to right: Edyth Roberts; Mary Logue; Inez Thorn; Clara Hagerty; Goldie Kensler; Edith Hagerty, *Manager;* Rilda Skinner.
Sitting: Pearl True, *Captain.*



FRANK HERBERT, '10.

ALTHOUGH Mountain View has not won every event she has entered, she still feels that she has greatly profited by her experience. Very few of the athletes are in the Senior Class, so next year should be a crowning year in athletics for Mountain View.

RUGBY.

Soon after the beginning of the fall term, practice began for a rugby team. The material was very promising, but due to the fact that no available coach could be found, the results were not so satisfactory. After meeting defeat seven times, and tieing one game, at the hands of the larger schools in the county, besides playing a series of interclass games, rugby was abandoned. Most of the scores in these games were not large and considering the fact that Mountain View was the smallest school playing rugby and being the only school without a coach, we are not ashamed of our record.

TENNIS.

Tennis seldom receives much attention at Mountain View. This year, due to the numerous other sports participated in, it received less than ever before. A team was sent to the Interurban Athletic Union series, but was beaten in both the singles and doubles.

BASKETBALL.

In basketball, the girls have not upheld their usual championship record. Most of last year's stars had graduated, and it was hard to pick a winning team from the new material. Notwithstanding this, the girls won the majority of their games, eight out of thirteen. As the team loses only one star player, we feel that next year we will have a better story to tell.

Santa Clara High won two games out of three and thus defeated Mountain View's chances for the A. A. L. championship.

Mountain View won the I. A. U. schedule by defeating Morgan Hill and Campbell. This gives us a nine-foot pennant, which will be ours for one year.

The following is a list of games played and the resulting scores which will tell you much better what we have done:

Nov. 20, M. V.	20	U. of P.	10
Dec. 4, M. V.	15	Santa Clara	19
Dec. 17, M. V.	19	Palo Alto	11
Jan. 15, M. V.	10	S. J. Normal	30
Jan. 22, M. V.	27	U. of P.	38
Jan. 28, M. V.	31	Palo Alto	4
Jan. 29, M. V.	16	Redwood	11
Feb. 5, M. V.	16	Santa Clara	13
Feb. 26, M. V.	21	Campbell	13
Mar. 5, M. V.	79	Morgan Hill	2
Mar. 12, M. V.	55	San Jose	4
Mar. 19, M. V.	13	Santa Clara	16
Mar. 26, M. V.	18	Campbell	19

BASEBALL.

Due to the fact that baseball and track came together, and that most track athletes were also baseball players, baseball was not a decided success. However, the few games played afforded much sport and amusement. The teams played were Campbell, Palo Alto, and St. Mathews. No I. A. U. schedule was made out.

TRACK.

Track as a whole was a decided success. Five men were sent to the A. A. L. cross-country run at Oakland. LeRoy Morton, the star distance runner, took second place. He was second only because of mistaking the course, which caused him to run about an extra hundred yards. Mountain View was third in number of points, which we think not at all bad, considering the large number of schools entered.

The interclass meet was far the most interesting for Mountain View. The Juniors and Freshmen won this by several points. Interest ran high through the last event, the relay, which was also won by the Juniors and Freshmen.

In the Peninsular Sub-league of the A. A. L., Mountain View made eighteen points. Those taking places were: A. L. Morton, H. L. Morton, J. Urban, W. Urban, F. Herbert and B. Mason. This is a better showing than Mountain View made in the P. A. L. last year.

On April ninth the annual track meet of the Interurban Athletic Union was held. Mountain View won this by a large majority for the third year. Due to this, the nine-foot I. A. U. pennant, hanging in the hall, is now in the permanent possession of Mountain View.

In the P. A. L. LeRoy Morton again showed his wonderful endurance and broke the record of the two-mile to the tune of 10:34 flat. Twelve points were captured in this meet. This was the last meet of the season and closed all competitive athletics for the year at Mountain View.

Victor Smith Kenneth Slater Bernard Mason
Leroy Morton Frank Herbert Joseph Urban William Urban
Reginald Harcourt Alfred Martel Leslie Morton Raymond Frazer

SOCIETY

J. EWART BRIGHTMAN, '10.

ALTHOUGH the alumnus may, perhaps, as the years go by, and the date of his graduation recedes further and further into the past, forget many incidents of the High School career, yet the pleasing recollections of associations with his fellow-students remain undimmed in his mind. We regret that space does not permit the chronicling of all last semester's social functions.

The first of importance was the delightful party given by the Seniors at the home of Ewart Brightman. Upholding their reputation for having jolly good times, the Seniors certainly gave an enjoyable evening, which was passed in playing games and charades. Light refreshments were served between the games. Those present will long remember the good time they enjoyed, and the kind hospitality of their host.

Then, too, we must not forget the Valentine Party given the Seniors by the members of the Junior Class on the evening of February the fourteenth. The home of Miss Otille Hoerning, where the students gathered, was artistically decorated with hearts. Elegant conundrum menus formed no small attraction at the tables and all present resolved to keep them as momentoes of the occasion.

The Student Body gave a party at the school building on Monday evening, February the twenty-first. A very good program was rendered, and the refreshments of tamales and coffee were much enjoyed.

The Senior Class did not lose its reputation of always having a jolly time, when, one pleasant spring evening, they had an informal gathering at the home of their classmate, Frank Herbert of Los Altos. One of the chief attractions, perhaps, was the nightly luminary which kindly condescended to favor the occasion by being at its full.

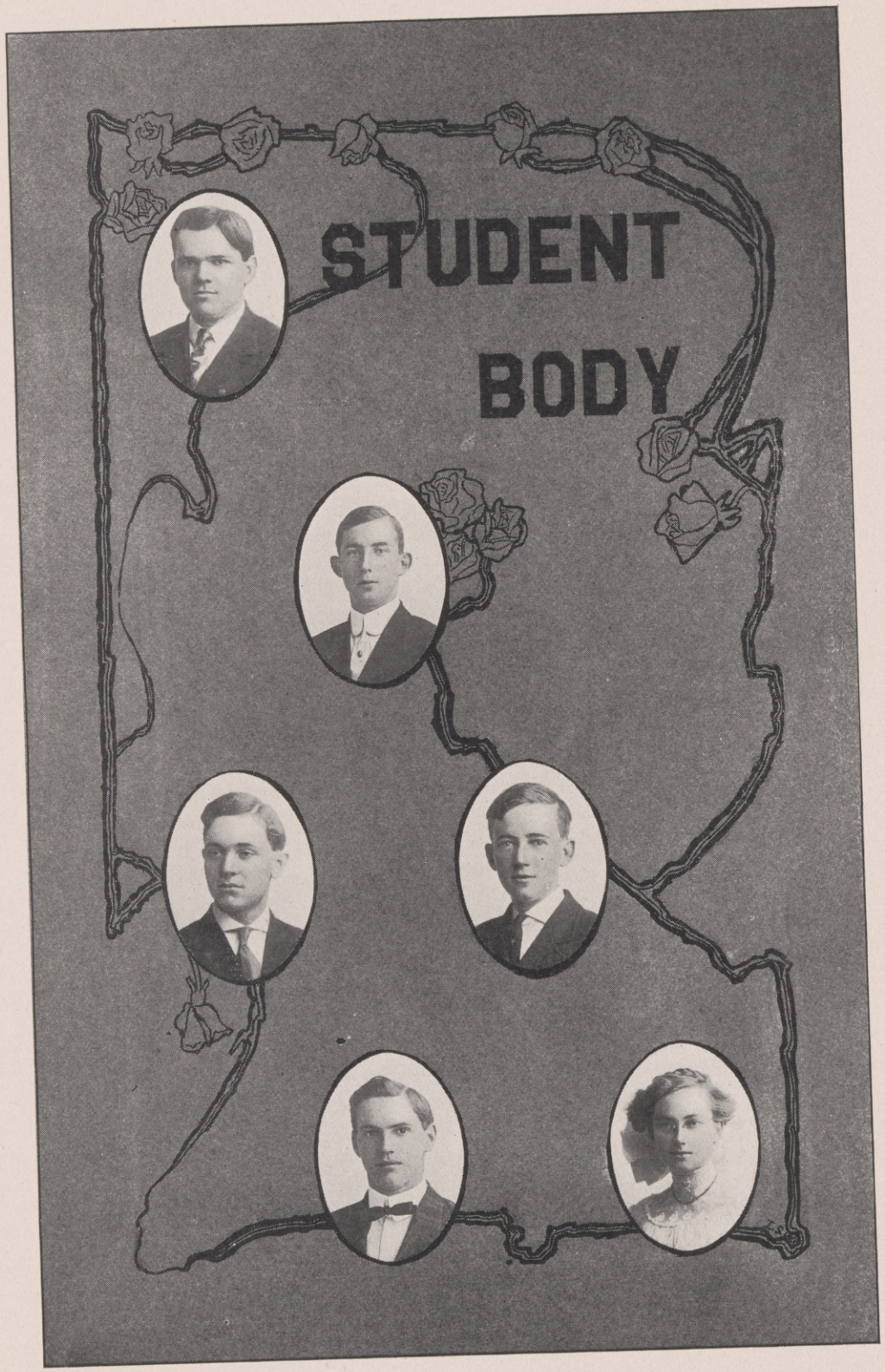
One of the great affairs of the High School year socially, was the Conundrum Supper, given by the Student Body at Mockbee's Banquet Hall, Tuesday evening, May the tenth. The several committees appointed to make the necessary preparations, had done their work well, and a very enjoyable occasion was the result. Some appropriate, as well as humorous, names were given the various articles on the elaborate menu. The candy sale contributed not a little to the evening's enjoyment, as did the auction of pies, cakes, and other articles, which were home made and therefore good. Daniel Ames proved a competent auctioneer. A well rendered program was given during the evening. All

who were there look back upon the occasion with pleasurable recollections.

The Junior Class this year have firmly resolved to give evidence of more school spirit than any of their predecessors. They have amply fulfilled their resolution, of which the Chicken Supper given by them to the Seniors on Saturday evening, May the twenty-first, furnishes a substantial proof. The affair was held at the pleasant home of Miss Luro Rankin on Alice Avenue. All of course did full justice to the excellent supper. In the artistic table decorations, the Senior colors, nile green and white, were much in evidence. Games occupied the remainder of the evening, although some took advantage of the clear sky to form a closer acquaintance with Halley's Comet. Each one present had to write a poem on the inspiring theme of "Chickens." A prize was given to the one whose production was considered the best. The decision was settled by vote, and the reward was bestowed on Miss Natalie Macrum.

The picnic on Memorial Day more than answered all expectations. The party consisting of the Seniors and their friends, gathered at the School House, whence they were transported to Soda Rock on Stevens Creek, in a commodious wagon. All agreed that this place is an ideal spot for a day's outing. It was hot, to be sure, but such a trivial matter by no means interfered with hill climbing, in which strenuous recreation all of the more ambitious students indulged. This prepared them for the royal "feed" which followed, and which was properly considered a very essential feature of the picnic. Some regarded the trip home as the most pleasurable part of the day, which delightful journey was of course taken after dark. The Seniors were the laughing stock of the school for the next week. Swollen cheeks and closed eyes furnished indisputable and uncomfortable evidence of poison oak, proving conclusively that the members of the class had been enjoying a picnic.

The Seniors are busily engaged in making preparations for the Senior farce, "All a Mistake," which is to be given on Thursday evening, June the ninth, at the Auditorium. All, we are certain, recollect the finely given play rendered by the Senior Class of last year. Both Faculty and Students believe that this play will equal, or even surpass, that given a year ago. The cast is as follows: Captain Obadiah Skinner, Daniel Ames, '10; Lieutenant George Richmond, Lester Hurd, '12; Richard Hamilton, Victor Smith, '10; Ferdinand Lighthead, Leslie Morton, '11; Nellie Richmond, Eva M. Newnan, '10; Nellie Huntington, Natalie Macrum, '10; Cornelia (Nellie) Skinner, Catherine Day, '10; Nellie McIntyre, Electa Birkett, '10. Owing to the sudden illness of Frank Herbert, Lester Hurd, '12, has taken his part and is doing remarkably well.



Daniel Ames, *President*
Bernard Mason, *First Vice-President*
Roscoe Duernberger, *Treasurer* Louis McDermott, *Second Vice-President*
Frank Herbert, *Sergeant-at-Arms* Frances Huntington, *Secretary*

ORGANIZATIONS

VICTOR M. SMITH, '10.

STUDENT BODY.

The most important organization in the High School is the Student Body, since it supports all athletics, and maintains relations with other schools.

The Student Body sends representatives to three athletic leagues, the Pacific Academic League, Interurban Athletic League, and the Peninsular Subleague of the A. A. L. This year the Student Body joined the newly-formed Santa Clara Valley Debating League, but decided not to enter any debates this year on account of lack of time for preparation.

The membership was large this year, consisting of nearly all the pupils. The organization holds its regular meeting on the last Thursday in each month.

The officers for the first semester were: President, Ewart Brightman; First Vice-President, Frances Huntington; Second Vice-President, William Urban; Secretary, Martha Job; Treasurer, Merle Job; Sergeant-at-Arms, Daniel O. Ames. Those for the second semester were: President, Daniel O. Ames; First Vice-President, Bernard Mason; Second Vice-President, Louis McDermott; Secretary, Frances Huntington; Treasurer, Roscoe Duernberger; Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank Herbert.

GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club was very fortunate this year in securing the services of Mr. Paul F. Pettigrew of Stanford as instructor, and great progress has been made under his tutorage. Work in Glee Club is not now unrewarded, as a member attending for four years is given one University Credit.

The concert given by the Club on March the twelfth was a success in every way. The attendance was unusually large.

Interest in the Club is rapidly growing, the membership last year being thirty-six, while this year it rose to the grand total of fifty-six. May this Club continue to grow in popularity!

ORCHESTRA.

An Orchestra was organized this year under the leadership of Roscoe Duernberger. It was handicapped by lack of numbers. However, it has overcome many difficulties and considering its small membership,

has done remarkably well. It has played at several public affairs with which the High School was connected.

The members are: Violin, Lorna Donaldson; 'Cello, Miss Alice Williston; Flute, Bernard Mason; Cornet, Roscoe Duernberger; Piano, Raymond Mosher.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The attendance of the School was so large this year that two Litterary Societies were formed, namely: The Delphic and Erosophian. The object of these societies is to help the members in composition, declamation, debating and Parliamentary Law. The meetings have been very beneficial to all. If a member has not prepared his part of the program or is absent, he must explain his failure at the next meeting of the society. If the explanation is accepted by the society, he is excused; if not, he must perform his part at the following session.

Meetings are held every alternate Wednesday. School time is allowed for the societies, and this year every member of the High School has belonged to either one or the other of them.

The officers of the Erosophian are: President, Minnie Rowles; Vice-President, Joyce Colvin; Secretary, Reginald Harcourt. The officers of the Delphic are: President, George Bovet; Vice-President, Rilda Skinner; Secretary, Helen Drake.

ALUMNI

Miss Rose Sturla, '06, has received her B. A. degree from Stanford University, gaining it in three years and a half, and is at present doing graduate work at the same institution.

Stanford also claims among its students, John Bubb, '06, William Goodwin, '08, and Max Ish, '08.

In the ranks of the pedagogues are found Miss Alice Whittemore, '05, Miss Ruby Trubschenck, '06, Mr. Charles Atkins, '07, Miss Mae Cushing, '07, Miss Adeline Chapman, '08, Miss Alice Chapman, '08, and Mr. Claude Shull, '08.

The prospective teachers who are attending the State Normal School include, Mr. Edward Green, '04, Miss Rosa Baker, '09, Miss Jennie Cushing, '09, and Miss Mary Eastwood, '09.

In the musical world, Miss Barbara Knox, '08, is gaining a position at the University of the Pacific, and Miss Miriam Burton, '09, is pursuing her studies under a special teacher.

The business world has claimed Mr. Willard Ayer, '06, who is at present associated with the United Railroads Electrical and Generating Power Plant, at present located at Visitation Valley, South San Francisco.

Mr. Louis Wagner, '06, is traveling salesman in the Eastern States for a wholesale drug house.

Mr. William Garliepp, '08, is still employed at the Capitol Hotel, Sacramento, and at present is home for a visit with his parents.

Mr. John Sinz, '09, is in business in San Francisco, employed by the American Steel and Wire Company.

Miss Henrietta Bar, '08, continues to do successful work with the Electrical Supply Company of Palo Alto.

Mrs. Edna Higgins Adatto, '06, is residing in San Jose.

Mrs. Alice Hill Newnan, '08, has lately joined the number of the married folk, and has a cosy home in Mountain View.

Miss Ysabel Morton, '09, is studying for a teacher's certificate—at the Western Normal Institute, Lodi.

Mr. Albert Dickson, 09, is taking Post Graduate work at Mountain View High School, preparatory to taking up medical study at some higher institution next year.

Miss Nellie Garliepp, '09, is in business with her father in Mountain View.

Miss Agnes Urban, '09, is living in Palo Alto in the employ of Mr. Marshall Black.

Mr. Roy Frick, '09, is learning a trade with the Mockbee Plumbing Company in Mountain View.

NATALIE MACRUM, '10.

Miss P.—"Kenneth, don't get in the same boat with Dan."
Dan.—"It might sink."
(I wonder why).

Victor—"I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?"
(Reading from Macbeth).

Prof. Zahn—(German III)—"Why can't we use "a" in the plural?"
Winifred—"Because you can say "a man," but you can't say amen."

Dan (reading in English)—"Hades Corpus." (Habeas Corpus).
Bright Student—"Hades always gets corpses, anyhow."

Miss P. (in M. & M. History)—"Raymond, what did Maurice gain by deserting the Protestant cause?"
Raymond—"Well, I don't really know."

Miss P.—"Have you cotton in your ears?"
Raymond (trying to answer previous question)—"Part of Saxony, I suppose."

Miss S. (pointing finger at Cy.)—"Ah! you're the boy I want."
Cy—"Well, you won't get me, I'm already taken."

Victor—"Yes, it is a two cylinder (syllable) word."

Miss P. (English IV)—"Today we use love as embracing all."

Prof. G. (Solid Geom.)—"All lines meet in infinity."

Bright Helen—"Then there'll be no parting there."

Miss P. (English IV)—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
Victor (aside)—"Then Roscoe is a joy forever."
(General laugh.)
Miss P.—"I don't see why you laugh at that. I feel sorry for him."
(Query—Did she mean Roscoe?)

Prof. G. (tapping on his desk in Plane Geom.)—"There seems to be a tendency here to realize your thoughts."

Miss P. (to Frank O.)—"Did you push those books off?"
Frank O.—"No, I was just holding Eunice's hand."

A faculty member of height,
In Latin a bulwark of might,
The Seniors, she drilled
In the Farce, till she thrilled,
With shivers from morning to night.

From a Junior Ex. in English.

"Pandemonium is the style in which Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," that is, the number of feet, some having more than others."

Miss P.—"Ottilie, I'd like Roscoe's ear for awhile."

Heard in the Virgil class.

Ewart (translating)—"Her hair is scattered by the wind."

Scene—Civics Class. Great confusion.

Miss P.—"Dan, repeat what you said."

Dan (after much expostulation)—"Hon—— Kiss me."

Miss P.—"I don't like the indication of that kind of conduct."

Dan—"But, Miss Peckham, that's a very common expression. It's often used."

Natalie (opening josh-box for fifty-seventh time)—"Oh! Oh! Here's a piece of paper. I wonder if it's really a joke or just a decoy put in to aggravate me."

Miss P. (Civics)—"Why are there so many states in this, the ninth district?"

Ethel—"Because there's nothing in it."

Dan—"You're mistaken, I am in it."

His feet are large,
His head is small,
He really has no brains at all.
But he's a Freshman, just the same.

There was a fat student named Dan,
Who imagined himself quite a man.
A Cornet he plays,
But nobody stays,
They all give fair Daniel the "can."

Frank O.—"I may not be handsome, but I hope I don't look like a meat-ax."

Albert D. (reading from Eve of St. Agnes)—"Upon her knees he sank."

(That sounds like reversing the usual process).

Miss P.—"What is the difference between modern families and Roman families?"

Raymond—"The father ruled then, now he doesn't."

College Tragedy in Four Acts.

Act I—Cram.
Act II—Exam.
Act III—Flunk.
Act IV—Trunk.
Ex.

Helen D.—"I'm chief cook and bosha water."

Miss P (talking of Dante's Inferno, English IV)—"Notice the 'Inferno' we have here!"

Joe U.—"Where was that line bisected?"
Prof. G.—"In the middle."

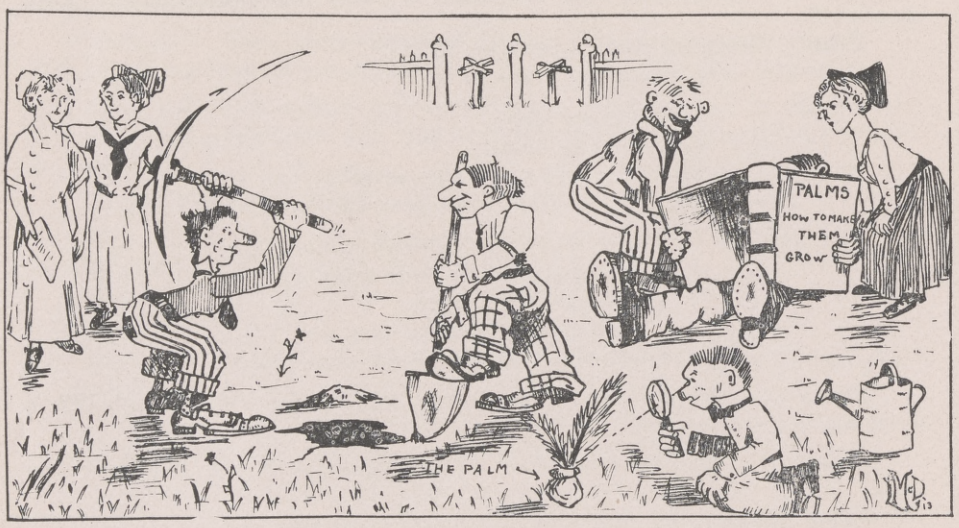
Miss P. (History III)—"Kenneth, open your teeth!"

Little drops of water,
  Little grains of dust,
Make the mighty chauffeur,
  Muddy, mad and mussed.

Miss P.—"I refuse to have a rival."

Prof. Zahn—"The wild yeast in the air, lights on any sugary substance."

Publishing this sheet is a more ticklish job than shooting crocodiles. If we put in exchange jokes, you say we have no brains of our own. If we use new ones, we have to show the humor of it. If we tell you to be good and love your teachers, we are a hypocrite and molly-coddle. If we don't, we are a "heathen" and a "rough-neck." If we wear our old hat, we are a "hayseed," and if we wear our new one, we are a grafter. If we smile we are a flirt, and if we don't we are a "boob." Such things as these, however, are minor details and we can smile a sickly smile when we hear you say you have seen these jokes before; we feel like throwing down our pen and tearing out our hair.



Latin.

Latin is a dead language,
  As dead as can be,
It killed the ancient Romans,
  And now is killing me.

"Non paratus," Freshie dixit,
  With a sad and mournful look;
"Omne recte," Prof. respondit;
  "Nihil," scribit in my book.

—Ex.

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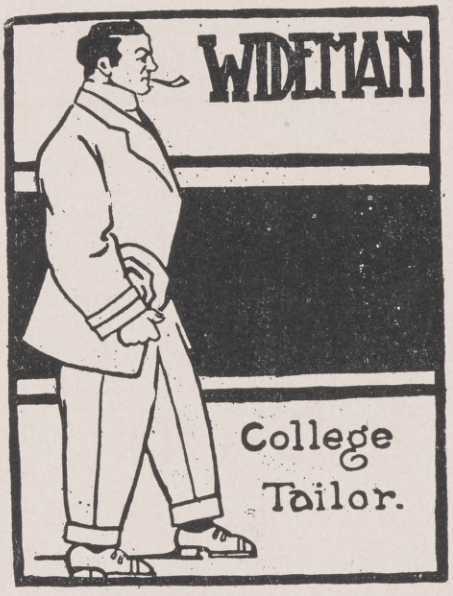

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Miss P.—"Raymond, keep your mouth away from Goldie's ear."

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Charles (sincerely)—"Don't go crazy over a little thing like that. It's a lie, for if she loved you she'd never tell you."

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